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Book and Job Printing

Executed with neatness and despatch.

POETRY.

THE GREEN MOSSY BANKS.

BY MRS. AMELIA R. WELBY.

Oh, my thoughts are away where my infancy flew,
Near the green mossy banks where the butter-cups grew;
Where the bright silver fountain eternally played,
First laughing in sunshine, then singing in shade.
There oft in my childhood I've wandered in play,
Flinging up the cool drops in a shower of spray.
Till my small naked feet were all bathed in bright dew,
As I played on the bank where the butter-cups grew.

How soft, that green bank sloped down from the hill,
To the spot where the fountain grew suddenly still!
How cool was the shadow the long branches gave,
As they hung from the willow and dipp'd in the wave!
And then each pale lily that slept on the stream,
Rose and fell with the waves as it stirred by a dream.
While my home 'mid the vine-leaves rose full on my view,
As I played on the banks where the butter-cups grew.

The beautiful things, how I watched them unfold,
Till they lifted their delicate vases of gold;
O, never a spot since those days have I seen,
With leaves of such freshness, and flowers of such green;
How glad was my spirit, for then there was naught
To furnish its wing, save some beautiful thought.
Breaking up from its depths, each wild wind that blew,
O'er the green mossy bank, where the butter-cups grew.

The paths I have trod I would quickly retrace,
Could I win back the glances that looked from my face,
As I coiled my warm lip in the fountain I love,
With a spirit as pure as the wing of a dove.
Could I wander again where my footsteps were starred,
With the beauty that dwelt in my bosom unbarred;
And calm as a child, in the starlight and dew,
Fall asleep on the bank where the butter-cups grew.

POPULAR TALES.

THE GAMBLER.

It was a rich and elegant apartment. The floors were covered with a costly carpet, the most expensive furniture ornamented the room, and on the walls were hung a few fine pieces from the older masters. The hour was past midnight. The chandelier burned dimly, throwing a faint light over the crimson drapery around, and just permitting you to see what was on a sofa with downy cushions in hands, and the tears trickling down between her taper fingers, sat the mistress of this lovely mansion. Why, with all this gorgeousness and wealth, did she weep there an almost broken-hearted wife?

Emily Languerre was an orphan and an heiress. At an early age she had married one every way worthy of her pure and guileless heart, and for four years of unalloyed happiness all had been beautiful and bright. But alas! when the sky is fairest, the storm may be already gathering on the horizon, and before three winters had darkened the curls of her little boy, a change gradually came over her once adoring husband. It could all be told in one word—he had become a gambler. Amid the fashionable amusements of the day, card playing was pre-eminent, and though he indulged in it at first to spend an idle hour or to gratify a friend, it was not long before he acquired a liking, which was soon lost in an uncontrollable passion for the excitement of play. From the sport it became the necessary of life. His cheek grew pale, his eye became wild, he spent half the night at the gaming table, and it was rumored that his fortune had already deeply suffered. His meek wife, however, had borne it all without complaint. Her looks of tender entreaty were all that told how bitterly she felt it,—they were voiceless, it is true, but they out the gambler to the heart.

It was long past midnight, and still that lonely wife waited for her husband. Even his late hours had long past, and she began to fear that some accident had happened to detain him. Her suspense, at last, grew painfully oppressive. She knew not what to think—her mind was tortured with a thousand fears. Oh! there is nothing like the agony of waiting for those you love hours after your reason tells you they should have been by your side. At last she rose, and went to the window. Suddenly a step was heard coming up the street, and her heart beat quicker at the sound. But it was only the watchman. She turned away, sought the couch of her boy, and looking on his cherub face as he lay there in the sleep of innocent childhood, found relief in a flood of tears.

Her quick ear at length heard her husband's step in the hall, and springing up, she brushed away her tears, and hurried to welcome him.

"Oh! Charles, I am so glad—thank God! you are safe—I was afraid some accident had happened to you," and a smile struggled through her half-dried tears.

Her husband stared at her vacantly an instant, and seemed tortured with an upbraiding voice within. He appeared, for the time, ashamed of his career; but the demon that had possession of him whispered him to drown his feelings in an angry reply.

"Madam," he exclaimed, "haven't I often told you you hurt your health by waiting up at this rate. One can't be out without having it thought he's killed; but that is the way."

The wife had, hitherto, looked incredulously at him. It was the first time,—and as his conduct otherwise had been,—that he had ever spoken harshly and angrily to her. It went through her heart like an ice-bolt. She only gasped "Charles," and turned her face away to hide her tears.

The man stood like one struck dumb. The words had scarcely left his mouth before he would

have given worlds to have recalled them. That single name, so gently, so meekly said, told more than volumes of upbraiding. Yet his pride for a moment forbade him to acknowledge his error, and his evil genius whispered him to harden his heart against the mute eloquence of his wife. But he had still some noble feelings left, and they at last triumphed.

"Emily," he said, "Emily—forgive me. I am beside myself—I hardly yet know what I do," and as he spoke, you might detect in his care-worn face, the ravages of hours of unusual suffering.

His gentle wife turned round,—so ready is woman to forgive,—and had already placed her hand in his, when noticing the haggard look of his countenance she eagerly exclaimed,

"But what is the matter?—You look sick, troubled—your dress is disordered—are you unwell—has any thing happened—shall I bring you some wine?—what can I do for you? Oh! speak, Charles—quick."

The man was deeply moved by the tender anxiety of his wife. He buried his face in his hands for a moment, and groaned aloud. He seemed to have something which he dared not tell. At last raising his head, he said with fearful calmness, for the muscles of the face, the while, were working with the intensest feeling.

"Matter, oh! Emily I have ruined you. This morning I was a rich man, to-night I am almost a beggar. You have heard it all—you and your child are paupers—hate me now," and with the terrible calmness of despair he stood there like a doomed criminal, yet afraid to raise his eyes to meet the gaze of his injured wife.

"Is that all, Charles?" she calmly asked, after a momentary pause, "is that all? Oh! if it will only persuade you to leave off play, all will yet be well. We have life and health, and happiness, and with them we can again be happy. Nor are we ruined—even if we have lost all!"

"Not quite all, thank God!" murmured her husband.

"Then we shall yet be happy," almost sobbed the wife, yielding to the glad belief that her husband was repentant, and losing in that blissful feeling all dread of other woes, "we shall yet be happy. We have enough for a competency, and we will go away from this wicked city and all its temptations, and finding some quiet retreat in the country, we will live there in our little cottage; and you will love me and little Henry as you used to; and you will no longer leave me to watch till my heart almost breaks; and the joyous days we once had will again revisit us; and you shall read to me as I sit, and Harry shall scrawl on my knee, and we shall be so happy—so very happy, and as the scene rose up before her, so much in contrast with her late unhappiness, she leaned her head upon her husband's shoulder and wept for gladness.

He, too, was affected almost to tears. His better sympathies were once more aroused, and he vowed as he looked upon his wife, never to touch a card again. Oh! there is something irresistible in the mute eloquence of a woman's tears. Dark indeed must be that soul, and hard and seared that heart which can withstand the silent pleading of an injured wife.

"Noble, neglected woman," he exclaimed, as he pressed her to his bosom, "how have I wronged you. But it is over, I will never touch a card again—if I do, may utter, irrevocable ruin come upon me."

"Hush, hush," murmured his glad wife, "how dreadful you talk—only let us get away from this city—we shall be too happy!"

And well had it been for all, if in the first moments of his new resolution, he had taken the advice of his wife, flown from the city as from a pestilence, and sought safety in some quiet spot, where temptation could not reach him, and where his wife and child might have fixed him firmly in the paths of virtue. Would to God he had done so!—then might we have been spared his dark and eventful history. But alas! for the self-confidence of man. His affairs, when they came to be examined, were found far less involved than, in the madness resulting from the consciousness of losing vast sums on the night on which he abandoned play, he had at first supposed them. He even found, that with strict economy, his old establishment might be supported. As yet his losses were a secret, and his pride revolted from disclosing them by flying from the city. In an evil hour he resolved to remain. That hour rang the knell of his ruin.

But why dwell on the painful picture? The fall of most men is much alike, and the history of one is that of all the rest. It is a melancholy thing to trace the poor victim in his downward course; to behold him gradually losing every high course; to see him, day by day, becoming more callous and degraded; and to gaze on him at last, sinking from immorality to vice, from vice to recklessness, from recklessness to utter abandonment, until he becomes a mere vagrant, despised, shunned, and insulted by all. Our bond, despised, shunned, and insulted by all. Our bond, despised, shunned, and insulted by all. Our bond, despised, shunned, and insulted by all.

But he trusted, as many a man before and since, to his own fortitude, and he fell in his short-sightedness. He was one day bantered into a gaming house, for what harm could there be in merely looking on? For awhile he resisted every effort to draw him into play. But he little knew the enemy he had to contend with. As the game proceeded, he grew insensibly interested in the event; his old habits once more started into life, and his thirst for the excitement began to awaken; his eye kindled, his hand trembled, his breath came shorter, he even unconsciously bet on the result; one by one his late resolves faded away and were forgotten, until at length his passion was fully re-awakened; he was on fire with the fever of his exciting passion; he won; he betted again; he took up the cards himself; he became, as it were, maddened

with the contest; and long before he left the house, he was once more an eager Gambler. Before the power of his master passion, his vows, his promises, his resolutions, were as willow-wives in a giant's hand. Even the meek face of his wife was forgotten, and with wild eye and excited mien, he left the gaming house at midnight.

It was long before he was cool enough to think, but when recollection at last came, tongue cannot tell the tortures of his bosom. He remembered his vows, his wife's entreaties, his little boy, and his own faithlessness, until his soul seemed on fire with remorse. He trembled to meet the silent, upbraiding look of his wife. It was in his bosom, and a thousand furies at his heart. A recklessness, a phrenzy seized upon him,—he stooped at an eating-house, and swallowed draught after draught of brandy; he strove in inebriety to drown his feelings; and, for the first time, he reeled home a drunkard. Who can tell the agony at his fire-side that night? Gambling and drunkenness! How many hearts have been broken,—how many hearths made desolate,—how many wives hurried prematurely to their graves, by the prevalence of these destructive vices! When once they are united, their poor, miserable victim is undone forever.

Well, time passed on. The stage darkened, for the curtain was already falling. In one short month the wife and mother felt that all was over, and as she clasped her babe to her bosom, and prayed for its deluded father, the hot tears would fall upon its little brow until it too would cry: it knew not why. In less than a year the first act was up. They were sold out by the sheriff, and in the dead of winter forced to seek a shelter among the necessitous and degraded. Friends, acquaintances, all left them. Far better had they been carried to their graves!

Years passed by; and one cold night in November, a man was seen stealing along a dirty and narrow street, in the southern suburb of our city. He was clad in a coat long since tattered, and now ready to drop off his back; his hat was crumpled and crownless, and wind and weather had bleached its original jet to a dirty, brownish hue. Such a miserable object—thank God! one rarely sees. And then, too, looks! Pale, haggard, trembling with premature disease, and worn out with drunken debauchery, his maulin eye rolling frightfully around, he reeled along from one side to the other, scarcely able to pick his way along the dark and dirty alley. The cold, fine, drizzling rain was falling from the sky, driving into the face of the wayfarer, soaking through his ragged garments. He seemed settling not a rod above the low roofs. The light from the street lamps around, struggled vainly to penetrate the mist, and only betokened their presence by a few luminous halos, shining dimly through the foggy atmosphere. The black and tottering houses frowned gloomily around. The loose window shutters rattled in the tempest, and the wind howled dimly around the corners of the streets. Here and there, beneath the broken door-steps, the long grass grew; the cracked and time-stained walls rose desolately above; and along the streets, like sentinels watching over this scene of ruin, were scattered the crazy awning posts, from which the canvases had long since rotted away. The pavement was uneven—the kennel full of filth. It was altogether a sight as desolate as man would wish to see, and even a dog would not have tarried out on such a night; yet that beggarly wayfarer still shuffled on, stopping at some low cellar, to listen to its curses and songs of infamy, or hurrying along, up one street and down another, seemingly without aim, and only pausing now and then to mutter an imprecation at the tempest, or cast a scowling glance at the stormy sky. Cold nor rain seemed he to care for. Hour after hour passed by, and still he wandered on. The fiends of remorse were busy at his heart—gambling and drunkenness had failed to drive them from the lodgement.

This gray morning was already dawning, when this miserable wretch turned into a still narrower alley, and entering the door of a low and ruinous frame structure, groped through its narrow entry, up its narrow staircase, and stood for a moment on the landing, as with a curse he jerked off his hat, and slung the rain in showers from it on the wall. The noise of his footsteps had scarcely ceased before the creaking door was timidly opened, and a pale, emaciated boy, not more than nine or ten years old, shading with one hand the candle he held in the other, stepped out upon the landing, and closing the door behind him, asked in mingled anxiety and dread,

"Is that you, father?" It was a strange thing to hear that tender word in such a place; and it might have melted the vilest heart, coming as it did from a creature so beautifully delicate as that sickly boy. But what can move the drunkard's bosom? "Yes, wet to the skin, curse it," said the man. "Why ain't you abed and asleep, you brat?" "The little fellow shrunk back at this coarse salutation, but still, though shaking with fear, he did not quit his station before the door.

"What are you standing there, gaping for?" said the wretch, "It's bad enough to hear a sick wife grumbling all day, without having you kept up at night to chime in in the morning,—get to bed, you imp,—do you hear?"

The little fellow did not answer; fear seemed to have deprived him of speech; but still holding on to the door-latch, with an imploring look, he stood right in the way by which his parent would have to enter the room.

"Ain't you going to mind?" said the man with an oath, breaking into a fury, "give me the light, and go to bed, or I'll break every bone in your body."

"Oh! father, don't talk so loud," said the little

bed her husband, as he supported her sinking

fellow, bursting into tears—"you'll wake mother, she's been worse all day, and hasn't had any sleep till now,"—and as the man made an effort to snatch the candle, the boy, loosing all personal fears in anxiety for his sick mother, stood firmly across the drunkard's path and said, "you mustn't—you mustn't go!"

"What does the brat mean?" broke out the inebriate angrily, "this comes of leaving you to wait on your mother till you learn to be as obstinate as a mule—will you disobey me?—take that, and that, you imp," and raising his hand he struck the little sickly being to the floor, kicked aside his boy, and strode into the dilapidated room.

It was truly a fitting place for the home of such a vagabond as he. The walls were low, covered with smoke, and seamed with a hundred cracks. The chimney-piece had once been white, but was now of the greasy lead color of age. The ceiling had lost most of the plaster, and the rain soaking through, dripped with a monotonous tick upon the floor. A few broken chairs, a cracked looking-glass, and a three-legged table, on which was a rimless cup, were in different parts of the room. But the most striking spectacle was directly before the gambler. On a rickety bed lay the wife of his bosom, the once rich and beautiful Emily Languerre, who, through poverty, shame, and sickness, had still clung to the lover of her youth. Oh! woman, thy constancy the world cannot shake, nor shame nor misery subdue. Friend after friend had deserted that ruined man; indignity after indignity had been heaped upon him, and deservedly; year by year he had fallen lower and lower in the sink of infamy; and yet still thro' every mishap, that sainted woman had clung to him,—for he was the father of her boy, and the husband of her youth. It was a hard task for her to perform but it was her duty, and when all the world deserted him should she too leave him?—She had borne much, alas! nature could endure no more. Health had fled from her cheeks, and her eyes were dim and sunken. She was in the last stage of consumption, but it was not that which was killing her,—she was dying of a broken heart!

The noise made by her husband awoke her from her troubled sleep, and she half started up in bed, the hectic fire streaming along her cheek, and a wild, fitful light shooting into her sunken eyes. There was a faint, shadowy smile lighting up her face, but it was as cold as moonlight upon snow. The sight might have moved a felon's bosom, but what can penetrate the seared and hardened heart of a drunkard? "Is this the way you receive me after being out all day in the rain to get something for your brat and you? Come, don't go to whining, I say,"—but as his wife uttered a faint cry at his brutality, and fell back senseless on the bed, he seemed to awaken to a partial sense of condition, he reeled a step or two forward, put his hand up to his forehead, stared wildly around, and then gazing almost vacantly upon her continued, "but,—why,—what's the matter?"

His poor wife lay like a corpse before him, but a low voice from the other side of the bed answered, and its tones quivered as they spoke. "Oh!—mother's dead!" It was the voice of his son who had stolen in, and was now sobbing violently as he tried to raise her head in his little arms. He had been for weeks her only nurse, and had long since learned to act for himself. He bathed her temples, he chafed her limbs, he invoked her wildly to awake.

"Dead!" said the man, and he was sobered at once—"dead, dead," he continued in a tone of horror that chilled the blood, and advancing to the bedside, with eyes starting from their sockets, he laid his hand upon her marble brow, "then, oh, my God! I have murdered her! Emily, Emily, you are not dead,—say so—oh! speak and forgive your repentant husband!" and kneeling by the bedside, he chafed her white, thin hand, watering it with his hot tears as he sobbed her name.

Their efforts, at length, partially restored her, and the first thing she saw upon reviving was her husband weeping by her side and calling her "Emily!" It was the first time he had done so for years. It stirred old memories in her heart, and called back the shadowy visions of years long past. She was back in their youthful days, before ruin had blasted her once noble husband, and when all was joyous and bright as her own happy bosom. Woe, shame, poverty, desertion, even his brutal language was forgotten, and she only thought of him as the lover of her youth. Oh! that moment of delight! She faintly threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed there for very joy.

"Can you forgive me, Emily? I have been a brute, a villain—oh! can you forgive? I have sinned as never man sinned before, and against such an angel as you. Oh! God annihilate me for my guilt!" "Charles!" said the dying woman in a tone so sweet and low that it floated through that chamber like the whisper of a disembodied spirit. "I forgive you, and may God forgive you too; but oh! do not embitter this last moment by such an impious wish."

The man only sobbed in reply, but his frame shook with the tempest of agony within him. A long pause ensued.

"Charles," at last continued the dying woman, "I have long wished for this moment, that I might say something to you about our little Henry."

"God forgive me for my wrongs to him, too," murmured the repentant man.

"I have much to say, and I have but little time to say it in. I feel that I shall never see another sun."

A violent fit of coughing interrupted her. "Oh! no; you must not, will not die," sobbed her husband, as he supported her sinking

frame, "you'll live to save your repentant husband. Oh! you will!"

The tears gushed into her eyes, but she only shook her head. She laid her wan hand on his and continued feebly,

"Night and day, for many a long year, have I prayed for this hour, and never, even in the darkest moment, have I doubted it would come; for I have felt that within me which whispered that as all had deserted you and I had not, so in the end you would at last come back to your early feelings. Oh! would it had come sooner, some happiness then might have been mine again in this world; but God's will be done! I am weak—I feel I am failing fast—Henry, give me your hand."

The little boy silently placed it in hers, she kissed it, and then laying it within her husband's continued,

"Here is our child—our only born—when I am gone he will have none to take care of him but you, and as God is above, as you love your own blood, as you value a promise to a dying wife, keep, love, cherish him. Oh! remember that he is young and tender,—it is the only thing for which I would care to live;" she paused, and struggled to subdue her feelings, "will you promise me, Charles?"

"I will, as there is a Maker over me, I will," sobbed the man; and the frail bed against which he leaned shook with his emotion.

"Oh! yes!" sobbed the little fellow, flinging himself wildly on his mother's neck, "but mother, dear mother, what shall I do without you?—oh! don't die!"

"This is too hard," murmured the dying woman, drawing her child feebly to her, "Father, give me strength to endure it!"

For a few minutes all was still, and nothing broke the silence but the sobs of the father and the boy, and the low, death-like tick of the rain dripping through upon the floor. The child was the first to move. He seemed instinctively to feel that giving way to his grief pained his mother, and gently disengaging himself from her, he hushed his sobs, and leaning on the bed, gazed anxiously into her face. Her eyes were closed, but her lips moved as if in prayer.

"Henry, where are you?" faintly asked the dying mother.

The boy answered in a low, mournful voice. "Henry, Henry," she said in a louder tone, and then after a second, added, "Poor babe, he don't hear me."

The little fellow looked up amazed. He knew not speak. But he placed his hand in his mother's and pressed it.

"Come nearer, my son—nearer—the candle wants snuffing—there, lay your face down by mine—Henry, love—I can't see—has the wind—blown—out—the light?"

The bewildered boy gazed wildly into his mother's face, but knew not what to say. He only pressed her hand again.

"Oh! God," murmured the dying woman, her voice growing fainter and fainter, "this is death! Charles—Henry—Jesus—re—"

The child felt a quick, electric shiver in the hand he clasped, and looking up, saw that his mother had fallen back dead upon the pillow. He knew it all at once. He gave one shriek and fell senseless across her body.

That shriek aroused the gambler. Starting up from his kneeling posture, he gazed wildly upon the corpse, and as he gazed remorse already began to gnaw at his vitals. He felt himself her murderer, and the recollection of her sainted purity in forgiving him, only smote him the deeper. The fiends of hell were at his heart, and revelling in his bosom. His brain reeled, his eyes swam, his steps tottered beneath him, wild figures flitted before his fancy, and snatching up his hat, he cast one look on the angelic countenance of his wife, and then rushed frantically out into the storm.

Long lay the boy beside his mother,—but his swoon at last was over, and when he recovered his recollection, he was alone with the dead. He scarcely noticed it, however: for his grief was too big to endure. One short moment he gazed around the room, but feeling he could do nothing, he covered the face of the corpse with the sheet, sat down by the bedside, and burying his face in his hands, began to cry. Hour after hour passed on, and still he moved not,—the only sound beside his sobs was the pattering of the rain upon the roof, and its melancholy drip upon the floor. When, long after sunrise, his half insane parent returned with some of the neighbors, he had fallen over on the bed, and was sleeping quietly beside his mother. A smile was on his face—perhaps he had been dreaming.

Well, they buried her. Few followed her, in her coarse, pine coffin, to the pauper's grave. But as the callous sexton flung the sods upon the lid, with a jest at her former fortune, one wild, heart broken wail rose up from the little group, so utterly, so fearfully despairing that even the grave digger paused an instant in his task. It was her little boy!

For awhile the repentant husband remembered the admonition of his wife, and withstood every craving to return to his former courses. But alas! human nature is weak; and when the fangs of the destroyer are once fixed, no earthly power can tear them from their hold. The grass was scarcely green upon the grave of his murdered wife, before he had once more gradually relapsed, by the same means as before, into his old habit. He heard one day the rattle of dice as he passed a low tavern; he paused, walked on, hesitated, looked back, and slunk at last into the room. His history is soon told. His little boy, however, was saved. His wife's relatives, who had lost sight of him for years, at last obtained a view to his residence, and at once snatched his child from

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ble. It was in fact abandoned by the Compromise Act in 1832, but revived for a short period under a strange combination of circumstances by the last Congress, which in truth, and as Mr. Clay declared in his place, had not in either House a majority favorable to protection. That Congress possessed the power, however, to make a permanent and judicious tariff, upon the basis stated by "Boston." But that power has passed into other hands, and the policy of protection will be reversed, and perhaps more radically even than under the circumstances it ought to be. But we warned the manufacturers of the danger in season, if danger it is, and we know that great numbers of them have for years, and some from the start, viewed the matter just as it is viewed in all the articles to which we have alluded above. We close by saying, that the plan brought forward formally by Mr. Webster, and advocated in the Boston letter, of adjusting tariffs by treaty, seems to us a very excellent plan, but not at all likely to be adopted. The Democrats, who are in the ascendant at Washington and through the country, are not disposed to have the glory of adjusting this matter placed on Mr. Webster's head, or in any way secured to New England. There will therefore be nothing done about it, and the present misshapen tariff must come to its death by the hands of its enemies next winter."

MR. CALHOUN'S FRIENDS.

Some of the more earnest and impetuous friends of Mr. Van Buren, have accused the friends of Mr. Calhoun of want of concert in their action concerning the National Convention. We have ever believed that Mr. Calhoun and his friends were willing to abide the decision of the majority of the Democratic party, however that decision might be expressed. If we could have believed differently heretofore we could not now, since the South Carolinian, a paper strong in the interest of Mr. Calhoun, has made the following frank avowals, in reply to an article in the Richmond Enquirer:—

"We do not feel authorized to speak for the Convention of the State, beyond our individual impressions. We were confined by sickness, during the Convention, and had, consequently, but little communication with the members of it; none that expresses to us, more than the Enquirer, ought beyond what is said in the Address. There is nothing in that Address indicating an intention to decline all participation in the business of the General Convention, if any State should act on a different mode from the vote by District, or the majority of that Convention should decide against the vote per capita—nor can we see any thing to justify the suspicion of it in the Enquirer, or the expression of a suspicion calculated to excite the distrust of others. Pennsylvania determined some time ago to 'act upon a different mode from her,' (South Carolina,) as to 'the delegation by Districts,' yet the Enquirer has seen no word of complaint in a single paper of this State, against that determination. And as to the vote per capita, if the Convention be so timed and organized as to express fully and fairly the will of the People of the Democratic Party, South Carolina will be the last to dissent from its nominations on account of their not concurring in their own first preference. The first consideration with her people, is their principles. They are satisfied, from its open professions and demonstrations, that the great mass of the Democratic party agree with them in principle; and they confidently believe that the Convention will be so timed and organized as to do justice to those principles, and the will and wishes of the majority of the party. If they did not, they would not have proceeded as they have done, to concur in the adoption and action of the Convention. There is no trickery, no disguise, 'no two ways' about them—no private under-currents, no party machinery, no secret party organization. The Enquirer and others, can judge of their opinions, principles, preferences, and purposes, as well as we, from their newspapers, and the proceedings of their late primary meetings in each district. Mark the exceeding unanimity of those proceedings, and general declaration for principle, in preference even of Mr. Calhoun. Yet there was no pre-concert in this. Such is the general honesty of principle and purpose in our people, that each honest citizen may always easily and confidently judge and speak for the mass by himself. Of all the members of their Convention, composed of the ablest and most influential men of the State, not one sought a private interview with us on the subject, or expressed any secret opinion on it, or sought in the slightest degree to control, direct, guide, or in any way interfere with our opinions—not even to the extent of advising us. And since Mr. Calhoun has been spoken of as a candidate for President, we have not exchanged a single word with him, directly or indirectly, nor do we believe has any Editor in the State. The Enquirer, then, has about as good an opportunity of knowing, from the proceedings of the people, in their primary meetings in each district, and their late Convention, what South Carolina will or will not do, as we. She has no concealments, and scorns all indirection."

GEORGIA CONVENTION.

The State Democratic Convention assembled at Milledgeville on the 4th ult., and was organized by appointing Dr. F. Fort, President, and F. H. Safford, Secretary. We have not received the regular proceedings, but learn from the papers, that a committee of twenty-one was appointed to take into consideration the propriety of expressing, by the convention, their preference of a candidate for the Presidency. The committee reported on the following day, recommending Mr. Calhoun to the National Convention, re-appointing the delegates appointed during the last session of the Legislature, and instructing them to vote for that gentleman in the National Convention to assemble in Baltimore in May, 1844. The committee also reported resolutions declaring that they would abide by the decision of the National Convention. The Georgian states that the report and resolutions were adopted after a few remarks from the Hon. Howell Cobb and Mr. Hunter against them, and Mr. McLaws, of Augusta, in favor. Mr. Cobb's speech was mild and conciliatory, expressing a preference for Mr. Van Buren, but each and all avowed a determination to sacrifice private predilection to the voice of the National Convention.

Besides the above proceedings, the Convention proceeded to select a Democratic candidate for the office of Governor of the State, when, on the fifth ballot, Mark A. Cooper, Esq., received the nomination.

Mr. James H. Stark, of Butts, was then nominated as a candidate for Congress, in the place of Mr. Cooper.—*Baltimore Republican.*

We are happy to see the evidences multiplying in favor of Mr. Calhoun. Georgia is no longer doubtful, and other States will soon show their preference for him. A part of the delegation from this State will be in his favor; and we do not doubt that a recommendation to that effect would have been passed at the recent State convention, if delegates had been elected in all the Counties with express reference to the Presidential question.

INFLUENZA.

A sort of epidemic, taking the various forms of cold in the head, cough, sore throat, lumbago, &c., has prevailed very generally in this city for a fortnight past.—*Albany Ev. Journal.*

We speak feelingly in adding our confirmation to the above item. But if it be true that "misery loves company," the sufferers are not without a certain kind of solace. We are informed that nearly thirty persons were sick last week from Mr. Van Benthuyzen's printing and binding establishment.—*Albany Argus.*

In the United States Court, (New York city,) his honor Judge Betts, Mr. District Attorney Hoffman, Charles Betts, Esq., the clerk, Mr. Commissioner Morton, the clerk, &c., are all taken down with this epidemic. Mr. Hoffman was taken on very ill immediately on leaving the New Haven boat from Staten Island, on Monday. About seventy of the sailors on board the Independence are also taken down with the same disease; indeed no one seems to escape its attack.—*Herald.*

The Influenza, all pervading and all prostrating, after playing for a while about us—in which we are included editor, publisher, printers, and all the rest—has walked in in earnest; and such a set of snuffling, sneezing, coughing, wheezing, dull-eyed & thick-speeched people is not pleasant to look on.—*N. Y. American, of June 16.*

Many are attacked with this throat, head, and lung trouble here, and some even with the lung fever. At Norway it has prevailed extensively. The disease is mild, however, and patients recover speedily.

"Unfortunate for Mr. Calhoun. If the State Convention had known that the Oxford Democrat was in favor of Mr. Calhoun, the members would not have dare to pass that Resolution in favor of Mr. Van Buren—not they."—*Eastern Argus.*

Our delegates probably had clear consciences in their action at the State Convention, and therefore were not under the influence of fear from any quarter. It they, like the twaddling editor of the Argus, had been guilty of forsaking the Democratic party, and of forgetting its precepts, they might, like him, fear the reproach of the Democrat. Fear, like the hangman's whip, keeps wretches in order, while it has no terrors for honest men.

Death by Lightning.—Three women and an infant child were instantly killed by lightning near Peekskill, N. York, on Friday, week. During a severe storm on Saturday previous a man and his wife residing on Lycoming Creek, Penn. were struck by lightning and instantly killed.

Liberty.—Gen. Van Ness gave a valuable lot of land (worth several thousand dollars) to the Temperance Society of Washington City, on which is to be erected a Temperance Hall.

The editor of the Argus said he should not have avowed his preference for President so soon, had it not been for the course pursued by the "inferior classes" and "wire pullers." This was said immediately after such papers as the Boston Post, New Haven Pennant, and various other prominent Democratic papers had come out for Calhoun.

MARRIAGE QUESTION.—The Dutch Reformed Church have always had a rule that "the marriage of a man with his deceased wife's sister is prohibited by the laws of God." The General Synod of this Church, recently in session at Albany, have rescinded this rule by a vote of forty-eight to twenty-two.

IMPORTANT PREDICTION.—Van Buren's fate is sealed.—*Eastern Argus.*

GEORGIA.

"The Brig Somers arrived at Savannah on the 22nd ult. The citizens were preparing to make a visit to her."

"At Columbus, considerable excitement prevails in consequence of the suicide in court of a bridegroom, who was on trial for corn stealing. At the same time, a man was drowned in the river, while attempting to escape from some officers who were in pursuit of him for selling liquor in Alabama, without a license. Scarcely had this occurred when an interesting boy of eight years of age was also drowned. Meanwhile the trial of Lang Lewis, one of the Bank robbers is going on, of which the Savannah Republican says: 'Seven pannels of forty-eight men were exhausted, before his counsel succeeded in packing such a jury as will probably clear him.'"

And he was cleared, although there seems not to be in the public mind a shadow of doubt as to his guilt! So strong is the feeling of the people, that at a Public Meeting the verdict was denounced, and Lewis warned to leave the State.

A great place is that Columbus!—*Kendall's Expositor.*

CALHOUN IN MAINE.—We were not aware of the strength of Mr. Calhoun in this State, until his appearance in the late State Convention. He is gaining ground every day, and can count with certainty upon a part of the Maine delegation at the National Convention. Who would have thought it!—*Waldo Signal.*

You are right in that. As the democracy look at the presidential question, the better satisfied are they that Mr. Calhoun is the best man that can be run. His friends are increasing fifty per cent. a week.—*Portland American.*

NEUTRALS.

The following is capital. It is from the Democratic Review, and hits the nail directly on the head. We cannot but feel contempt for these no party men wherever and whenever we find them.

We occasionally see some religious persons who are too conscientious to intermingle in political strife! Now what very extraordinary consciences those men must have. Is it not their duty to see the government well administered and wholesome and righteous laws enacted? Are they not bound to look after the rights of the masses? True—but then there is so much quarrelling, and so much of—a hundred other matters. Well, come into the field, and reform these errors. Give us your example and your precepts.—*Port. American.*

Your neutral man in politics is just the person upon whom the contempt of mankind may be heaped without fear of injustice; the saliva of an honest, free-thoughted citizen is too precious an ointment to bestow upon him; he is good for nothing, and deserving of nothing; the Greeks of old were not mistaken in deriving from his case the word "Idiot;" and yet such creatures go about the very pictures of complacency, and glorying in their shame, boast that they are no party men. They may see rogues in high places—the wicked flourishing like a green bay tree, and honesty and public virtue chilled to death in its shadow—but they are unmoved by the saddening spectacle, because they are no party men. Poor snivelling creatures! What a host of them start up in our political recollection, who have been in all ages of the world the surest props of tyranny, and the saddest oppressors of innocence and virtue!

In our day they see nothing in politics but a brawling lawyer at a ward meeting, or a dirty-faced voter at the polls, with whose person they would not bring their superfine dresses in contact to save the country from disgrace. We have indeed seen good professing Christians, men who have taken degrees at colleges, well born and respectably connected, genteelly dressed and free of debt, (and these we believe are the titles of nobility,) who made no scruple of urging as a reason for absenting themselves from the polls, because they were disgusted with party warfare. They cry peace! peace! when there is no peace. They shut themselves up in their own houses, and foolishly dream that the blast which levels the dwellings of others will pass harmlessly by them, because they are so quiet, and trouble themselves with nobody's business but their own.

They are lineal descendants of that timid servant who wrapped his talent in a napkin, and hid it in the earth, lest he should lose it; and the reward of the timid servant will be theirs."

ALARMING!

"THE OREGON COUNTRY.—A late number of the London Times says, the negotiations in reference to this territory are quietly and steadily proceeding in London; and we have no doubt that in another year the Ministers will be able to lay before the nation as satisfactory a settlement of the northwestern as they have already done of the northeastern boundary of the United States."—*Journal of Commerce.*

God forbid! For in that event, we shall lose a large slice of our rightful possessions. It seems unlucky for this Republic to fall into the hands of Massachusetts negotiators.

Mr. J. Q. Adams gave up a large slice of Territory including the whole of Texas at the South-east.

Mr. Webster has given up another snug slice at the North-east.

And now it seems, Mr. Everett is about to satisfy British cupidity on the North-west.—*Kendall's Expositor.*

THE RIGHT KIND OF TALK.—The Pennsylvania makes some very good remarks upon the subject of the "division" of the whigs are promising themselves while anticipating a contest among the friends of the several prominent men of the Democratic party, who have been named in different sections of the Union as candidates for the Presidency; and among other very proper things, says: "All Democrats are Van Buren, Buchanan men—Calhoun men—Johnson men—Cass men—because Van Buren, Buchanan, Calhoun, Johnson, and Cass, are all Democrats—all belong to 'the party.' We may have each our honorable preference, and may use all honorable means to advance this preference; but any one of the candidates named would ably and faithfully sustain the principles of Democracy as President of the United States, and this is the great object of 'the party' and all that any of its members desire or have in view."

French Opinion of the Repeal Association.—The National publishes a summary of the proceedings of a late meeting of the Repeal Association, in Dublin, and observes that though Mr. O'Connell is pacifically inclined, the enemies of Ireland are not so. England is a jealous conjuror, which will not suffer that her victims should break her chain. She conquered Ireland, and she holds her oppressed poor, attached to her power by the heaviest chains. She has imposed on Ireland her laws, her aristocracy, her territorial constitution, and the dominion of her clergy. It is in this atmosphere, without air, and without sun, that Ireland is condemned to exist, always destitute, and always indigent; and if her heart revolts, if her valiant population endeavor to break their chains, the cannon are ready, and the war of extermination will not long be delayed. Such at present is her situation. Let Ireland prepare for it! Justice, right, and Europe, are on her side. Nations will join in the contest, and wherever humanity is respected, ardent prayers will be offered for the success of the cause of Ireland, which is the cause of all oppressed people. Such is the opinion of Frenchmen.

Gov. Donn.—It is expected that this gentleman will return to Providence in a few days to resume the practice of law. He has no intention of disturbing the existing authorities of the State, and if they molest him they will pursue a course calculated only to hurt themselves and aid the liberal party in that State.

The action taken by the convention upon the Presidential question, we extremely regret, inasmuch as it appears to be an attempt to forestall public opinion in regard to a matter on which there is much difference. We also object to it, because we think the delegates to the Convention were elected with a view more to the gubernatorial candidate, than to the Presidential question. The paucity of representation from some parts of the State, likewise has a bearing here. We hope, however, no evil may flow out of this premature action, which we believe to have been had without due reflection, and we hope with no premeditation to do injustice either to Mr. Calhoun, or his friends, who ask nothing but what is right and are determined to submit to nothing wrong.—*Bangor Enquirer.*

Restitution under Conscience.—A letter, covering a fifty dollar note, was received by a house in Market street yesterday, of which the following is a copy.—*Philad. U. S. Gazette.*

"The first duty of an awakened sinner is to make restitution to those he has wronged."

"The writer of this has wronged you, and sends you enclosed a bank note for fifty dollars."

"He begs your forgiveness, and prays that God, for Christ's sake, may pardon all his sins. Amen."

MISREPRESENTATION.—It has been stated in a public print that the number of Delegates in the State Convention held in this city, last week, who were in favor of Mr. Calhoun, was but about forty. We have information from a responsible source, that there was that number from two counties only.—*Bangor Enquirer.*

The Newport (N. H.) Argus states that two farmers who ought to be tilling the soil, are now in jail in that town for debt, at the suit of a whig who has recently gone through bankruptcy himself, paying ten cents on a dollar.

The Bangor correspondent of the New York Herald gives a somewhat full account of the doings of our State Convention. Speaking of the vote on the nomination of Mr. Van Buren, he says:—

"This was a victory to the minority. It showed a Calhoun strength in the State, which they hardly believed existed. Nearly one third of the members did not vote. Had they, it would have made the result not far from a tie."

CAN'T DO IT. The editor of the Greenfield Democrat has got his steam up; hear him:—

"We should like to see the Whigs arrest the onward march of democracy. They might as well undertake to dam up the Connecticut river with saw dust."

We understand that somebody in Fulton st. has invented a printing press which not only prints and folds a newspaper, but delivers it to the subscriber, and collects the pay for it. Talk about flying machines after that—humph!—*N. Y. Mercury.*

The influenza prevails extensively in Pittsburg and its vicinity. The publishers of the Pittsburg Aurora were compelled to suspend the publication of their paper on Friday in consequence of sickness among their workmen. The extensive Iron Works of Messrs. Miltenberger have been stopped for the same reason.

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.—Copy of a return made to Gen. Gage of the killed and wounded of the British at the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17th, 1775; the return was made June 29:—"753 rank and file, 102 Sergeants, 100 Corporals, 92 Commissioned officers. 1047 killed and 447 wounded. Total, 1494."

HAIL.—A violent shower of Hail passed over Madison and Norridgewock on Wednesday last. Some of the stones which fell were as large as small sized Hen's eggs.—*Skonohagan Clarion.*

Something new comes to us every day. At Cincinnati they have commenced the manufacture of a very neat and useful article of floor and hearth cloth, from hog's bristles, or hair. They are first softened by immersion for a given time in lard oil, and then spun and woven into cloth, with the different arrangements of natural colors that fancy dictates.—*Pittsburgh American.*

The quantity of sugar consumed in the United States is estimated at three hundred millions of pounds. The average crop of Louisiana is one hundred millions.

The editor of the Portland Argus says he never danced a step in his life. Political editors at his age usually know how to dance to a great many different tunes.

ONLY THINK.—John Shoemaker was put in jail, in Baltimore, for robbing violent, and threatening to strap his wife. Rather bad, for one who occupied the bench.

MARRIED.

In this town, July 2, by Rev. Mr. Ford, Gen. Geo. W. Cushman to Miss Mary French, both of Woodstock.

In Woodstock, June 7, by Rev. Mr. Ford, Mr. Eleazar C. Billings to Miss Mary Jane Nute, both of W.

DIED.

In this town, on Friday, the 23d of June, very suddenly, Luther Brett, aged 72 years. Returning from a visit to a friend, he fell lifeless on the ground. He was in company with his grandson, who brought the heavy tidings to the family.

GRAVE STONES.

THE subscriber keeps constantly on hand a good assortment of WHITE MARBLE and STATE GRAVE STONES, which he offers for sale as cheap as they can be bought in this State.

Persons wanting Grave Stones are invited to call at my shop before purchasing elsewhere.

CYRUS THOMPSON, Jr.
Hartford, June 13, 1843. copy 7

TIMOTHY LUDDEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TURNER-VILLAGE, ME.

Wanted,—Immediately,
In payment for the Democrat, a quantity of good FLEECY WOOL, for which a fair price will be paid.—June, 1843.

BLANKS
For sale at this Office.

Sheriff's Sale.

TAKEN on Execution, the same having been attached on the original writ, and to be sold at public Vendue at Moses Hammond's Store, in Paris, on Saturday the 19th day of August next, at one o'clock P. M. all the right which Ebenezer Thayer, of said Paris, has in equity to redeem a certain parcel of land situated in said Paris, being the South part of lot numbered nine in the sixth range of lots in said Paris, bounded as follows, viz:—All south of a line beginning at a stake and stones, thirty one and a half rods southerly from the north-west corner of said lot, thence north seventy-three degrees east parallel with the north line of said lot to the County road leading from Paris Hill to Hubron; thence north seventy-two and a half degrees east to the range line of said lot; mortgaged to Joel B. Thayer April 1, 1840, to secure the payment of 50 sheep ten years from that date.

Also, the said Eben Thayer's interest in about thirty acres of the northerly part of the farm where he lives—by virtue of a bond from Joel B. Thayer to him, dated May 1, 1841, conditioned to convey the same land to the said Ebenezer upon payment of \$3200, and interest in \$200 of each year till the whole is paid. Payments have been made in each case, and particulars will be made known at the sale.

SAMUEL F. RAWSON, Deputy Sheriff.
Paris, July 11th, 1843. 3w10

Sheriff's Sale.

TAKEN on Execution, the same having been attached on the original writ, and will be sold at public Vendue at the Store of the subscriber in Lovell, on Saturday the twelfth day of August next at two of the clock in the afternoon, all the right in equity which Orange Page of said Lovell had on the sixth day of August A. D. 1842, being the date of the attachment on the original writ, or now has, of redeeming one undivided half of a certain piece of land situated in said Lovell with the buildings thereon, it being a part of Lot No. 1 in the second Division of Lots in said Lovell; the same being subject to a mortgage from said Orange Page to John Wood of said Lovell dated October 26, 1841, and recorded at the District Registry at Fryeburg, Book 21, Pages 372 & 373, to secure the payment of one hundred and seven dollars with interest in one year from its date, to which deed reference may be had for further particulars.

J. S. FARRINGTON, Deputy S.R.
Lovell, July 10th, 1843. 3w10

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

WILL be sold at public auction by virtue of a license from the Hon. Lyman Rawson, Judge of Probate in aid for the County of Oxford, on Saturday, the fifth day of August next, at two of the clock in the afternoon, at the store of Eben Hamlin & Co., in Bethel, in said county, all the right, title, and interest of which Benjamin Russell, late of said Bethel, deceased, was possessed of at the time of his decease, in certain parts of the lots of land numbered fourteen and fifteen in the fourth range of lots in said Bethel, subject to the widow's dower therein. A more particular description of the premises, and the terms of sale to be made known at the time and place of sale.

JAMES WALKER, Adm'r.
Bethel, June 26, 1843. 3w9

Notice.

COMMITTED to the subscriber, as Pound-keeper of East Livmore, on the 20th of June, a Grey Colt supposed to be three years old, and in gait a racer. Said colt was taken up in the enclosure of Samuel Gould doing damage, and is impounded as an estray. The owner is requested to pay all charges legally and justly demandable and take said animal away.

EAST LIVMORE, July 3d, 1843. 3w10

Caution.

ALL persons are hereby forbid harboring or trusting a Chaucery Andrews Dean on my account, as I shall pay no debts of his contracting after this date.

Paris, June 17th, 1843. 3w10

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that they have been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

LARNARD SWALLOW.
late of Buckfield, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

G. C. SWALLOW.
June 27, 1843. 2w10

The subscribers hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that they have been duly appointed and taken upon themselves the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

JOHN TURNER.
late of Turner, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—They therefore request all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

SAMUEL CUSHING.
Turner, June 27, 1843. 3w10

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office at Paris, Me., June 30, 1843.

Allen Mical	Morey Edward
Briggs Angeline	Pratt John Esg
Daniels Joseph 2	Prince John C
Douhain Zebra	Robinson Preston
Davis Henry	Rawson Horace W
Dunn Aaron	Stewart Alvin C
Foxes Elbridge 2	Sother Samuel
Hubbard & Marble	Stowell David P
Hoyt Joseph H	Stearns Wm Jr
Harman Luther Esq	Thompson Mr
Jackson Levi	Town John
Mayhew Alexander	Warren Francis A
Merrill John R	Young Isaac

SIMON NORRIS, P. M.

Sheriff's Sale.

TAKEN on Execution (the same having been attached on the original writ) and will be sold at public Vendue at the dwelling house of Joseph Child, of Hartford, in said county, on Saturday the fifth day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M.—All the right which Oliver F. Berry of said Hartford, has in equity to redeem a certain piece or parcel of land situated in said Hartford bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the North West corner of Lot numbered 10, in the 5th Range of Lots in said town; thence South 55 rods and 112 to a stake and stones; thence North 55 rods and 112 to a stake and stones; thence West to the first mentioned bounds, containing 40 acres more or less. Said premises were mortgaged on the 5th day of June, 1838, to Winslow Hall, to secure the payment of \$500 on the 15th of September, 1840, and \$50 in one year from said 15th of September, 1840, with interest.

JESSE DREW, Deputy Sheriff.
June 26th, 1843. 3w3

Tailoring.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of South Paris, that he has taken the stand formerly occupied by T. LARRIER, where he will carry on the Tailoring business. Those who may favor him with their patronage, may rely on having their work done in a neat and workman-like manner and on reasonable terms. All garments made by him are warranted to fit. The subscriber hopes by his experience and constant attention to his business, to merit a share of public patronage.

N. B. Cutting done at the shortest notice.

South Paris, April 16th, 1843 WM. HEATH.

SAMUEL F. MARBLE,
DEPUTY SHERIFF,
FOR THE COUNTIES OF
CUMBERLAND & OXFORD,
POLAND, ME.

